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THE Kentiſh Worthies.

A POEM,

By Mr. *Tate*.

Poet -- Laureat to His *MAJESTY*.

1. Aug. 1701.

Vincit Amor Patriæ. Virg.

SHall *Britain* and Applauding Nations round
The Fame of *Kentiſh* Loyalty reſound,
And *Britain*'s Poets, who ſhould loudeſt raiſe
Their Voice, and give the firſt Alarm to Praiſe,
Shall they be Mute? They who in Glory's Cauſe
Should fire th' Admiring World into Applauſe!
No —— *Spencer* firſt from *Faiery-Land* ſhall riſe,
And *Milton* from his Bow'rs of Paradiſe,
Waller return from bliſsfull Fields of Light,
E'er ſuch Deſert ſhall want Poetick Right,
And ſink, Unſung, to deep Oblivion's Night.

Reſt

Reſt ſacred Shades; enjoy your bliſsfull Dream,
(Gay as the Banks of your *Elyſian* Stream)
And truſt our Bards with This Inſpiring Theme,
A Theme can raiſe Ebb'd Poeſie's low Veins
To the Spring Tide of your high-flowing Streins;
And will the Current of our Song ſupply,
'Till *Thames* and *Medway*'s honour'd Streams are Dry.

Fame ſound thy Trump; ſo loud a Summons ſend
May make the ſtarting Univerſe attend,
'Till to remoteſt Lands the News arrive,
That *England*'s Ancient Worth is ſtill Alive.
That ſtill in *Kent* are *Kentiſh* Spirits found,
Illuſtrious Heirs of Anceſtors Renown'd:
A Province ſtill Deſerving, as of Old,
To ſtand in Honour's Regiſter Enroll'd;
Invincible by Foreign Steel or Gold.
This more than *Roman* Virtue *Cæſar* found,
This to the *Norman* Torrent ſet the Bound,
And forc'd the haughty Conqu'rer to Compound.

Go—— tell th'amazing Danger that o'er-ſpread
And gaſping *Europe* ſtruck with Pannick Dread,
Surpriz'd and Stunn'd; yet not with bold Alarms
Of gen'rous Warr, but with Infernal Charms;
By undermining Frauds, the dire Intrigues
Of perjur'd Faith, and Violated Leagues:
And when her Only Proſpect of Defence
Hung diſmally Eclips'd in dark Suſpenſe;

When

When haſty *Ruin* did his Paſſage force,
And *Succour* mov'd with Interrupted Courſe,
How Glorious was the Zeal, that, e'er too Late,
Call'd for Redreſs againſt the Gen'ral Fate!
The Zeal, that, for expiring Nations ſake,
Did then the Gen'rous Reſolution take,
Great *Britain*'s ſlumbring Genius to awake.

When to the liſtning World Loud Fame ſhall this have told,
As Loud ſhall That Reply, ---- *'Twas Great and Juſtly Bold.*

But what exalted Streins of Loyal Verſe
Can, Gen'rous Souls, *Your* Loyal Senſe rehearſe?
What Language, what Encomiums can requite
Your's, that have done the Royal Hero Right?
As our *Reſtorer*'s Merits You Confeſs,
Immortal Songs of Praiſe ſhall Your's expreſs:
Whoſe juſt Aſſerting matchleſs *William*'s Fame,
Has cancell'd an Ingrateful Age's Shame.

See, ſee! how all th' Officious Muſes ſtrive,
Which Earlieſt with her Garland ſhall arrive,
To greet and Welcome Home th' Illuſtrious *FIVE.*
Who with no common Senſe of Glory Fir'd,
But ſuch as their Advent'rous Cauſe requir'd,
The Nobleſt Teſt of Dignity have ſtood,
By Glorious Daring for the Publick Good;
And to the Stock of Luſtre which they drew
From ancient Pedigrees, have added New.

An Enterprize of Honour that ſhall give
A Theme for Fame, while Fame and Honour live:
Brave in Acceptance, in Performance Brave,
Of that Important Charge their Countrey gave.
Undauntedly for timely Aid to call,
When the black Tempeſt was prepar'd to fall;
And Fate's high Sea came on to ſwallow *ALL.*

What Muſe can to ſuch Envoys prove Unjuſt,
Who have ſo well diſcharg'd their Country's Truſt?
Sculpture already has perform'd her Part;
But — far beyond Her's, or the Muſe's Art,
Indelibly their Figures are expreſt,
And livelier Drawn in ev'ry Gratefull Breaſt.

FINIS.

LONDON,
Printed for *A. Baldwin* in *Warwick-lane*, 1701.